

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY ARISTIDE ANDERSON.

I never gossip, as you know, for I am all day working. So cannot mind my neighbor's ways. Without, like Miss Dean, shirking. She knows just everything around. There goes that Miss McVerry; she lies about till nearly noon. But I'm up bright and early. I pay my bills when they come due; I couldn't stand such darning. As that proud Mrs. Styler gets. For all her clothes so stunning. I do not see how folks can let their children act so awful. As do those folks across the way. They do say 'twas't lawful. The way my left-hand neighbor here. From her first husband parted, and that she shook the second one. For the divorce was stamped. That Mrs. Brown that's coming round. The corner; do just watch now. I don't believe you ever saw. A dress that's such a batch now. That pretty girl? Why, that's Miss Jitta. The biggest flirt that's going. She's got come up with, thought, at last. And reaps what she's been sowing. She's awful pale, you see. I've heard that she was to be married. And had her things all ready, too. But her dear bridegroom tarried. What going? Oh, do stay. There comes the wife of our new pastor. Don't go, and we will have some fun; she tells more tales, and faster. Than any woman that you know. You must go? Well, good day, dear. So glad you found me quite alone. I was so afraid she'd stay here. —Detroit Free Press.

## THE OLD TOWER.

A Story of Adventure on the Isthmus of Panama.

BY J. H. SPENCER.

"It is no use, Senor; we cannot get the horses to Senor Gutierrez's hacienda to-night. There is plenty of the weed I've been telling you about, growing under the shed where we left them when we sought shelter from the storm in the old house on the plateau, and they have eaten of it. They will not be fit to ride in, at least, six hours." The speaker was my young Spanish-American guide, Marco Segundo. We had been riding along one of the roads that wind among the mountains on the Isthmus of Panama, when, just as the last rays of the sun were gilding the summits of the highest mountains our horses were taken violently sick. They were now showing signs of great agony, while their hair was wet with sweat, and clouds of steam were rising from their bodies.

"But what are we to do, Marco?" I asked. "Must we spend the night here in the forest?"

"There is a ruined church, the tower of which is in good preservation, about an eighth of a league ahead of us, Senor. We can get our horses there before dark, and sleep very comfortably in the old tower. We have two hammocks with us, and there is something left from our dinner which we brought from Panama this morning—enough for our supper, I'm sure. I saved it, thinking we might be hungry before we reached Senor Gutierrez's hacienda."

It was with no little difficulty that we managed to lead the horses to the old tower. It stood near the ruins of a large village, and as Marco had said, was in good preservation, although it had stood, at least, two centuries. Behind the tower were the remains of a great edifice, with portions of its wall standing thirty feet in height, and the interior overgrown with short, coarse grass.

"Are you sure it will not tumble down upon us, as the old house on the plateau came near doing, this afternoon, Marco?" I asked.

"I see no gully, Senor," returned Marco, smiling, as he glanced down at the base of the tower.

By 9 o'clock our horses were much better, and leaving them within the walls of the ruined church, where we had led them, we swung our hammocks to the second story room of the tower, and was soon asleep.

I was awakened about half an hour later by voices in the room below us—those of a man and a woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be indignant. I could hear enough to understand that she was refusing him some request, for his tones became loud and threatening, and at last I heard him say:

"You shall never return to your father's hacienda again, except as my wife. I am the leader of a gang of thieves, who will be here within an hour. They have gone to bring a priest, who will marry you to me, in spite of all that you can say or do."

I waited to hear no more. Giving Marco, who was sleeping soundly, a shake, I dashed down stairs to the room from whence the voices came.

As I gained the foot of the stairs, Marco rushed past me, and before the man—a tall, spare young fellow, with an evil, swarthy face—could realize what had happened, he dealt him a blow between the eyes, which laid him sprawling on the floor. The next instant I had torn his knife and pistols from his belt and flung them out of the window.

Flushing himself, the villain, aware of his fate, and as we happened to be between him and the door, ran up the stairs, finally hid away by Marco.

The man was smiling with extreme decency, and by its light I could see that the woman—a girl, but she was not over sixteen years of age—

possessed the most beautiful form and features that I ever saw.

"The Good Virgin has sent you here, Senor, to save me," said she, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise. "But let us follow Marco—that wretch may kill him."

We hurried to the top of the tower—which was, at least, fifty feet high—where we found Marco and the young villain engaged in deadly combat. They clinched, struggled, fell together, and rolled to the low rampart.

I sprang forward to assist my guide, but before I could reach him, he had—with strength I had not thought him capable of—risen to his feet, bearing his adversary in his arms, and the next instant he had flung him over the rampart. There was the sound of a muffled crash from below, then all was still.

"He is dead," said the girl, after listening for a few moments. "Marco, how can I ever thank you and this Senor for what you have done for me to-night?"

"I would give my life—yes, a hundred, if I had them—for you, Senorita Ysabella," said Marco, with tender meaning in his dark, handsome eyes.

The Senorita Ysabella blushed prettily; but the next minute she turned pale, as she said:

"We must leave this place at once, for that wretch, my cousin Carlos, said his accomplices would be here within an hour. They would shoot you as soon as they would a couple of wolves, while I—I had rather die a thousand deaths than to fall into their hands."

We descended to the first floor, where we were startled by the tramping of horses and the shouts of men outside.

"The wretches have arrived!" I exclaimed, as I clutched my pistols, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"No," cried the Senorita, joyfully; "it is my father and some of his peons, come to look for me."

It was, indeed, Senor Gutierrez and a dozen of his peons. They had found the body of Carlos Gutierrez at the foot of the tower; and when, a few minutes later, the old hacendado held the Senorita Ysabella—his only child—in his arms, his joy knew no bounds.

Much to our joy, I and Marco found that our horses had, to all appearances, recovered from their sickness; and, mounting them, we at once set out with Senor Gutierrez and his party for the hacienda, leaving the body of Carlos Gutierrez at the disposal of his comrades. The Senorita rode the young outlaw's horse, which was found hitched to a sapling near the door of the old tower; for, as Senor Gutierrez grimly remarked, he would not need it again.

"How came you with that wretch, Senorita Ysabella?" asked Marco, who was riding at the Senorita's side.

"I was sitting alone on the piazza," she replied, "when he rode up, and, dismounting from his horse, came and seated himself at my side. He asked me to be his wife, and when I refused him, he threw a thick blanket over my head, to prevent me from screaming, and the next instant I felt myself placed upon the horse's back and borne rapidly away. After riding for about two hours he halted and lifted me from the horse; and, as soon as he placed me upon the ground, I tore the blanket from my head and found myself in the old tower."

"I never liked my nephew Carlos," said Senor Gutierrez; "but I never knew until to-night, that he was a thief."

The hacendado was a venerable-looking old man of Spanish descent—tall, muscular, and with hair and beard almost as white as snow. He was profuse in his thanks to Marco and to me for the, as he expressed it, great service we had rendered him in saving his daughter.

It was past midnight when we reached his hacienda; and, as I crossed the threshold, he bade me welcome with true Spanish-American hospitality, assuring me that his servants, his house, and all his house contained, were mine.

It seems that Marco—the sly dog!—who was betrothed to the Senorita Ysabella, had deceived me to her father's hacienda, that I might see his pretty sweetheart. He had taken a great liking to me, and during the fortnight that we had spent in exploring the mountains and valleys of the island, and the ruins of the old city of Panama, which was destroyed by Morgan the notorious pirate, in 1899, we had enjoyed each other's company amazingly. It was to please him that I stayed on the isthmus a week longer than I had intended to, that I might be present at his and the Senorita Ysabella's wedding.

The day after the wedding, Marco accompanied me to the city of Panama to see me off.

"Good by, Marco," I said, as we stood on the wharf. "I should not have enjoyed my stay on the isthmus, half so much as I did, had it not been for you."

"Adios, mi querido," returned Marco, with mock eyes and a tremulous voice. "If you ever come to Panama again, don't forget Marco Segundo."

Ten minutes later I was on board the propeller Montezuma, en route for San Juan de Guaymas, and not without a feeling of regret that the bright young Spanish-American had gone out of my life—perhaps forever.

## THE LADIES.

A Highly Seasoned Pot-Pourri, Dished Up Especially for the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Nonsense, a Little Humor, and Some Solid Chunks of Useful Information.

The Wives of Napoleon III's Generals.

By the death of the Marechal de Caurobert the Empress Eugenie loses one of her truest and oldest women friends. The wives of Napoleon III's generals played a great part during and after the second Empire. Mme. Brazzini helped her husband to escape from the Isle of St. Marguerite, herself coming in the boat to meet him. When Gen. de Cavaignac died in the Riviera in exile and disgrace his wife determined that her husband should at least be buried in the family vault at Pere la Chaise. Accordingly the courageous woman, aided by a faithful man servant, had the corpse arrayed in a huge traveling cloak and lifted into a railway carriage. Truly a grim and terrible journey for a woman to make.

Two Royal Sisters.

The Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia wear simple muslin dresses, and a belated traveler peering in at the window would think it was an unusually happy and generous family party. The Princess of Wales is the taller and more reserved, but the sisters resemble each other very closely, and both incline to the same style of neckdressing, arranged in terraces (they say that in the case of the Princess the broad band covers a scar, but court ladies who have seen her in dishabille declare that it is not so, but it is worn because she knows a broad neck band helps the lines of her face and makes her longer; age always begins to show itself in the neck, you know). The last time I saw the Princess at a state dinner she was in mourning, with many diamond stars on her black lace dress. On her neck she wore a band of velvet one inch wide, edged with lace. On this was a row of magnificent diamonds, while above and below were smaller revers, and below all was a very elaborate necklace of diamond filigree.

A Women's Fire Brigade.

The lady members of the fire brigade in Paris, who are the lions of the hour, are young English girls—the Misses Mortimer, Nichols, Bessel, Pritchard, and Jeffs—who have come over with the delegates of the English fire brigades. They are all Londoners. I had this evening a talk with the whole party, says a Paris correspondent. Major Heath told me that Miss Mortimer the honor was due of taking the first step. Mr. Louis suggested it to her. After a great fire, he said to her that there was really no more danger in getting out of a high window than out of one on a first floor, if there were nerve and cool determination to hold on to the rope or ladder. The peril lay, he said in flurry and want of pluck. Were some plucky girls to show women how easy it is to make descents from top windows, the victims from fire would not be so many. Miss Mortimer consented to try. All the girls began with perilous descents, and were not trained gradually to make their plunges down life-saving canvases. They have learned to go up ropes and ladders as well as down. They had red silk caps, dark blue short skirts, not descending below the calf, soft-leather boots, neat bodices, with broad brass buttons, and turned up with red at the neck and cuffs.

A Lovely Boudoir.

Here is a description of the beautiful Miss Hargon's boudoir. She is a dark-eyed, Spanish-looking woman, and the room was furnished with a view of forming a becoming background for her loveliness. The walls are of rough-finished plaster, colored a pale, dull gold, with a frieze of dull, gray-green flowers. The hangings and carpets are the same dull green and the curtains are embroidered with gold of a tint to match the walls. On either side the deep tiled fireplace, with brass andirons, is a wide lounge. That on the right is covered with a tiger skin, the head of it lying on the floor and making a footstool for the occupant's slim, slippers feet. This and the opposite lounge, which is covered with a black bear skin, are heated with cushions of a pale gold and a red that is almost black. It is so dark. At the end of one of these lounges stands a tall scrolled brass lamp, with a pale gold shade, and underneath it a table of pierced copper work from Persia, which holds a set of Persian porcelain cups and saucers and an old Persian tomb for afternoon tea. On either side of the window stands a big old red cushion for which holds a tall palm that is almost a tree, and the two burn a wreath of green over the window. There is a long low Chinese table near the window, fitted up with all the appliances for writing, in silver. There are book shelves, many deep, soft chairs, and a lovely Chinese cabinet, holding some very rare and beautiful bits of

Venetian glass, which, with the etchings that hang on the wall, are the beauty's special weakness, and in which all the money she can spare from her wardrobe is invested. —New York World.

Shakespeare's "Dark Woman."

We have kept our readers informed of the successive pieces of evidence that Mr. Thomas Tyler and the Rev. W. A. Harrison have from time to time found indicating that the "dark woman" of Shakespeare's Sonnet was Mary Fitton, a daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, and one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor, who threw Shakespeare over for William Herbert, and who had a child by the late nobleman, for which the Queen put him (young Pembroke) into the Fleet prison. But the difficulty was how to prove that Mary Fitton was dark. There seemed to be no chance of it. But Mr. Tyler, wishing to have an engraving of Mary Fitton as well as Pembroke in his forthcoming book on Shakespeare's Sonnet, went down to Gawsforth, in Cheshire, to sketch Mistress Mary from her father's and mother's tomb. On getting to the church, to Mr. Tyler's delight, he found that the statues were colored, and that Mary Fitton's hair and eyes were both black, and her complexion dark; so were her sister Anne's. Her brother's were light.

Another difficulty was that William Kempe, the famous comic actor of Shakespeare's company, dedicated, in 1600, his "Nine Davis' Dance from London to Norwich," to "Miss Anna Fitton, Maid of Honor to Queen Elizabeth." It is certain not Anna, but Mary Fitton was the maid of honor; and now Mr. Harrison has found a reference to the marriage of Anna Fitton, aged 14, to Mr. Nudigate, with whom she always afterward lived, mainly in the country. Thus it is clear that Kempe mistook the Christian name of the patroness and mistress of his friend Shakespeare, and called her Anna instead of Mary. Moreover as Mr. Harrison and Mr. Tyler had before come to the conclusion that Mary Fitton had in early youth contracted a nominal marriage which her family never sanctioned, which was never effectuated, and to which Shakespeare probably alluded in his line, "In act, thy bed-vow broke (Sonnet 152), her sister's authorized marriage at fourteen renders Mary's unauthorized early one more probable.

Many folk will be anxious to know what Shakespeare's presumed flame was like. Mary Fitton, as shown by Mr. Tyler's sketch from her mother's tomb, was a full-faced, bonny woman, with large sparkling eyes and a loquacious mouth, somewhat of the type of Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," as men imagine her. Her hair is brushed high off her forehead, and turned over a comb or wire underneath it, while scarf or kerchief covers the rest of her hair. She wears a ruff. The sculptor has made her flat-chested, and some one has broken off her hand and the tip of her nose.

Mr. Tyler's book is more than half printed, and will be published by Mr. David Nutt. It will, undoubtedly, form the most important work on Shakespeare's Sonnets up to this year of grace 1899. And now that inquirers know the lines to follow up, we have little doubt that further evidence on Shakespeare's connection with Mary Fitton will be found. —The Academy.

DARKER THAN SAMSON'S RIDDLE.

A careful analysis of the sense of humor would doubtless show it to be more complex and intricate in its organization and functions than a shoe-string pulled out the wrong way in the dark, which is impossible. For example, a Philadelphia girl is now in jail—just for the fun of the thing, we presume—because she bought a great lot of underwear and other raiment for herself and had the articles charged to a minister of the Gospel, who is a stranger to the young lady, for the joke it would be on the minister's son. The Inter-State Railway Commission is wrestling with the "joke" just now; after it gets through with it the Civil Service Commission, which has had wide experience in vague and vexatious intangibilities, will take hold of it, after which it will be thrown open for competitive examination by the general public. Whatever the "joke" is, she must be a rustler, for nobody has guessed within a column of it yet. —Burdette.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BOOTJACK.

Among hundreds of historical relics in the Libby Prison, Chicago, there are few more interesting than Abraham Lincoln's bootjack. It is a common, hardwood, hand-made bootjack, with a cross cleat pulled on the under side at the foot of the jaws, just like any other bootjack. It has a small tuft of short, brimble hair sticking to one of the jaw points. When a boy Mr. Lincoln made the bootjack and always used it to pull off his boots. It is now stained with age and the nail heads are rusting in the wood. For nearly twenty-five years it has been reverently kept in a glass case, where it was never once profaned by the touch of vandal hands. It is still in the case, and has never been used for any purpose whatever since the days of Lincoln. Therefore it would interest the world at large to know just when and where it was that Lincoln threw his bootjack at the devil's net.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

I have just heard another story about a new Congressman, who like the stalwart Texan who blew out the gas when he came out to begin the first session of the last Congress, hails from the southwest. He knew all about gas and when joked about the experience of his colleague, swore that he was no greener one, and could not be caught with any of the new fangled contrivances of the hotels. On the eve of his arrival he did as much of the town as could well be done in one evening and came into the hotel very late. He had carried his key in his pocket and thought he would slip up to bed as he had been in the habit of doing at home when out after the usual hour. He got into his room all right after trying his key in several wrong doors, reached up to the chandelier after many experiments and turned on the gas. Then he struck a match and turned it up to the burner but there was no response. He got a chair and put his nose to the burner but could not detect the faintest odor of gas. Feeling around for another branch of the chandelier, he turned an other stop-cock, when, presto! a brilliant light flashed in his eyes before he could scratch a match. He dropped off the chair and stared aghast at the illumination. "Great Heavens," he exclaimed, "have I got 'em at last! Never saw gas afore should light 'em. Bet hundreds zores no light zere. I'll tounsh a match to it'n see."

After several attempts he got on a chair and put the head of a match to the light. Apparently he touched the flame but the match would not burn. He tried another and another with similar results. He tried to blow the flame but there was no flicker. It was a steady, strange glow, the like of which he had never seen before. Cursing the quality of Washington whisky, he felt around his room until he found his cane. Balancing himself he aimed as straight as possible at the impish light and struck a tremendous blow. There was a sound of crashing glass and the light was gone. He slept late the next morning and had something brought to his room before he was out of bed. As the waiter served him that abony worthy exclaimed: "Hello, mister, how d'ye smash that electric light?" As the new Congressman told this on himself it must be true. —Washington Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WILL POWER.

Three stories were told over after dinner cigars the other day, says the Boston Gazette, showing the power of man's will. One was a young officer in the English army who was peculiarly stubborn and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a severe attack of the heart, and was unable to move. His physician asked one of his fellow officers to warn him that he could never get out of bed again, that he might arrange his affairs before death. When the sick man was told what the doctor had said he arose in bed excitedly and said: "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room and fell dead.

The second was about a Sheriff out West, who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seized the man by the shoulders after the blade had struck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver, and deliberately thrusting it down the struggling prisoner's throat, pulled the trigger at the same moment he died.

The third story was regarding another officer, who was hunting down a thief. The man thought he had given his pursuer the slip, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car the officer appeared at the other. The thief instantly fired, the bullet penetrating the pursuer's brain. The officer, however, returned the fire, bringing his man to the ground. He then dragged himself along the aisle of the car, firing as he crawled until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up, a second after he ceased to shoot.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

The English plasterer who has been left a fortune estimated at £1,400,000 by a relative in Australia, has been discovered at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. His name is John James Pearce, and until a few weeks ago he lived in the parish of Kingshorpe, a hamlet of Northampton. He lodged with a woman named Weston after the decease, a few months ago, of his wife, who committed suicide. Fear of poverty was ascribed as the cause of her act. Last Sunday, while reading a newspaper, he came across a paragraph announcing that a Sydney clergyman had left £1,400,000 to a man in England named Pearce. "Why," exclaimed the plasterer to his landlady, "that's me; he's my uncle! That money belongs to me!" His identity has already been acknowledged by the London agents of the Australian trustees to the deceased millionaire. Pearce leaves England for Australia in a day or two. He worked for several master plasterers in Northampton, and is described by his fellow workmen as a quiet, reserved fellow, a vegetarian, and gave people the idea that he had been better days.

Next to mine's weakness a fear of difficulties to be met are undoubtedly the most unfortunate mental trait of any young person.

## PLEASANTRIES.

The beautiful art—a pretty face in the latest style of bonnet.

It is a poor horse-race that does not brighten the fortunes of the three-ball merchant.

To REMOVE stains from clothing use benzine. To remove stains from the character, use "sugar."

EASY crying widows take a new husband sooner; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

TEACHER—Why should we all reverence George Washington? SAMMY—"Cos he never got caught in a lie."

FRED—Come Tom, it's past time to get up. TOM—It may be pastime for you old fellow, but I consider it deuced hard work.

When a thing is fashionable it is said to be all the rage. The rage is mainly with those who cannot follow the fashion, however.

MRS. SMITHINGTON—Oh! Mr. Tibkin, you are always so kind in coming to see me off. LITTLE TIBKIN—Not at all; it is always a pleasure.

BLOSSOM—Seems to me there are signs of new life down at Rigby's house. POPINJAY—Right, my boy. They've got another baby.

FOOD father (in the parson's presence after the sermon)—Johnny, what was the best thing Mr. Holycocks said this morning? JOHNNY—Amen.

FIRST CITIZEN (sorrowfully)—I see taxes are to be higher next year? Second citizen (despondently)—Yes, steam yatches and fast horses cost money.

"If coming events cast their shadows before," said Johnny, just after he had been severely trounced by his irate parent, "the occurrence leaves its mark behind."

"I HEAR you were arrested the other night for cutting up. Did you make much noise?" "I suppose I did. They say I woke up the policeman that arrested me."

AN exchange gives instructions concerning the repairing and recovering of umbrellas. How to recover umbrellas is what many an individual would like to find out.

FOOD Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best? TOMMY (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.

BOBBY (at the table)—Ma, chuck me a piece of bread. Mother (shocked) Bobby, is that the way to ask for bread? BOBBY (guiltily)—Chuck me a piece of bread, please.

DE RUYTER—Clara, you've started the fire with one of my MMS! Pull it out—quick! His spouse—Pull it out yourself. I won't be made a cat's-paw to take your chestnuts out of the fire.

FIRST farmer's boy—My father is going to have some men to do thrashing at our house next week. Second farmer's boy—That's nothin'. My father does thrashing at our house every day.

"Please give a poor man 5 cents?" "I'll warrant you'll spend it for liquor." "Yes, sir, I will. I want to buy a Chicago cocktail." "Good gracious! That drink costs \$2." "I know it. I've got \$1.95."

MR. ISAACS—Vat for, Mr. Solomon, have you got dot Irish vet nurse? MR. SOLOMON—Pecause, Mr. Isaacs, I vant my needle poy, Jacob, to peg in early in life to make his living off dose Shen-tiles."

MRS. PANCAKE (to tramp)—Well, what do you want? Tramp—Here, mum, is der pie I stold off your window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 'tain't hurt any.

"Do you see that man across the street?" "Yes." "He drinks like a fish." "Didn't it ever strike you that the expression, 'drink like a fish,' is all wrong?" "Not in a case like this." "Why not?" "He takes his liquor by gills."

ABOUT the only time the small boy thinks of traveling for the benefit of his health is when he is in a farmer's apple orchard and sees the owner and a cross dog approaching. Then he travels. He would find it very unhealthy if he didn't.

"No," sobbed a great man's widow, the other day, "my late husband's enemies are determined that no memorial of him shall be erected." "Why are you so sure of that, madame?" "Because they have started a popular subscription in New York to erect a monument to him."

GRANDMA OF A KISS.

"Now a kiss, dear," quoth he, "I'm young, well built; but common or proper. Guess then tell that of it?" "Well, I think," replied she, "to speak nothing but truth, while she smiled and grew red, 'Well, I think it is best.'"

BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM.

St. Peter (to newly looking individual)—Who are you?

S. L. L.—I'm a journalist. I've tried to get the miscellany for the Daily Free Press.

St. Peter—Did you properly credit the jokes, or did you try to work them in as original?

S. L. L.—I credited them all, and sometimes to the wrong paper, rather than seem to steal them.

St. Peter—Here, take the keys; I want to go on a vacation. —New York Herald.